

SENIOR MEDICS FAIL IN HIDEOUS SURGICAL ATTEMPT

Dead Man Evaporates Into Thin Air
'Mid Uncanny Sounds—Medical
Building Is Haunted.

Last night one of the most brutal operations ever attempted in the course of civilization, came near being performed in the basement of the Medical Building. It seems that a man, who was pronounced dead by a score of St. Louis physicians, was shipped to the Medical Building in an old apple barrel for the purpose of dissection by the medical students. The body arrived yesterday and was secretly hauled to the Medical Building along with other supplies and smuggled into the basement. The senior class in surgery after reviewing the remains of the "stiff" proceeded to carve his clothes into many different pieces so as to better scrutinize the many complexities of the human body. Just as one senior, more bold and daring than the rest, sought

to carve off the right arm, a peculiar sound, apparently from the vicinity of the dead man's mouth, came to the ears of the absorbed future physicians. Long, blood dripping surgical knives were held aloft, while faces bleached with white pallor of fear began to look at one another in awe.

Words finally came indistinctly from the trembling lips of six of the white clad figures in less than a moment, there were only five standing around the moaning figure from which blood oozed. One had slipped away. Four others gazed at the man on the cot and then at each other transfixed with one thought, namely, what should they do?

A hurried and excited consultation was held in the hallway. After that not one dared go back to what they had regarded as a common "stiff" just a few minutes before. The moans became louder and the groans seemed mingled with words pertaining to a prayer in some foreign tongue. A white greenish mist was seen passing to and fro from the hallway through the partly opened door into the operating room.

That Uncanny Sound.

A strange chanting came to the terrified ears of the consulting group in the hallway. A peculiar penetrating noise was heard at the window, as if something uncanny was working its way through the window pane. All at once the chanting ceased. The room was still as death. A cry of joy was heard. What did it signify? They suggested to one another that some one should enter the room, for it was the tradition of their profession that no one should leave a patient to die alone. But not one cared, nor could they have entered had they wished to.

Again came that strange weird sound from the interior of the room; again that rasping grating sound on the window glass. A shrill peal of laughter rolled through the partly opened door, that made their spinal cords shiver. Not one of the group was in the middle of the hall now, but all were cowering up against the wall, evidently trying to find a way through. Everyone wanted to flee but had not the strength.

The Empty Room.

This is the position they occupied when one of the Yellow Extra's police reporters came in, being attracted by the noise in the operating room. Investigation was immediately made by the reporter, who boldly threw open the dreaded door and saw—absolutely nothing. There was not a man in the room. Every window was closed and locked. There is only one door leading into the room and that into the hallway. Not a soul came out from the room by way of the door, all of the persons in the hallway swear that they are absolutely certain of that.

The Yellow Extra's reporter after a brief interview with the scared members of the surgery class and a close scrutiny of the room inspected the windows by the use of a powerful magnifying glass. The window pane next to the supposed "stiff" was found to have hundreds of small pores in it through which many substances had apparently passed. The clever reporter came to the conclusion that the supposed dead man was not dead but merely in a state of Hyderabad Coma, which is very common in India. When in this state the person is often regarded as dead and remains so for a long period of time. The longest period in our knowledge is 99 days.

The man was of a grayish brown complexion, which the reporter thinks is common of the Kappaderhauergh type of Indians. Such being the case he could have easily, because of the strange religion to which he belongs, called on his God, the high priest Hogmeryau, to rescue him. At any rate this solution will probably be the only logical one offered for the evidence is becoming fainter every hour.

This morning strange sounds were reported from the vicinity of the Medical Building. Dogs howl, cats sneak along the paths, and a white light, which faded away with the coming of the dawn, was reported as being seen in the vicinity of the building during the small hours of the morning. It may be some days before all will be normal around the building again.

About Cigarettes.

(In reply to a recent article in the University Missourian)

Now, Anna is a dainty maid,
And every where she goes,
The horrid fumes of cigarettes
Make Anna hold her nose.

In Academic Hall, today,
One hand clutched tight a rose;
The other hand was occupied
In clutching at her nose.

Now, gentlemen, it seems to me
That Anna's greatest need,
Is just to get familiar with
The fragrance of the weed.

I'd like to add another thing—
The trouble with Miss Ann
Is that she never yet has caught
The smoking sort of man.

BOBBY BURNS SWIPES GREEK DOOR PLATES

Theta Girls Bombard
Intruder With Point-
ed Shoes—Cork Coat
Proves a Boomerang.

The mystery of the missing sorority door-plates has at last been fathomed. "Bobby" Burns, the well-known democratic political leader, was actually caught in the act of swiping the door-plate at the Kappa Alpha Theta House last night.

More than 40 door-plates have disappeared from the various sorority houses about town within the last three months. This last attempt, had it been successful, would have been the seventh taken from the Theta House. It is a known fact that "Chick" Barck's father had to work for three consecutive nights, in order to make enough money for his daughter to pay her share in the purchase of new door-plates. Adele Sennott's father had to sell the "south eighty off the south forty" to help pay for her share. "Judge" Evan's father even suffered himself to be bribed by a corrupt railroad.

Burns seems to be a sort of monomaniac on the question of sorority door-plates. The cause of this condition has only become known since his capture. It seems, that according to Burns, the proper amount of democracy does not exist between the sorority and non-sorority girls. The fact that Burns has, ever since his entrance into the University, been trying to weld the two factions together, is well known to the parties concerned. Disappointment and worry over his lack of success is given by Dr. Noyes as the cause of his insanity.

The apprehension of the culprit in the act of his daring crime is attributed to two causes—the Purity League and a new style coat. Miss Dora Dulaney, chief scout mistress of the Theta chapter of the League was sitting in her window with the light turned out. It is thought that she was philosophizing on the infinitesimal power which the kissing bug has over light headed sorority

girls. Suddenly she noticed some one creeping stealthily across the yard toward the front door. She immediately aroused the house of beauties who came rushing to the open windows armed with shoes of various sizes.

In the meantime the culprit who was wearing one of the late style cork-back coats, which he had borrowed from Charles Kane, had unfastened the plate from the door and was sneaking off the porch. When he came in view of the suffragette-brigade armed with shoes they opened fire. Of the one hundred and some-odd shoes thrown, 99 and two thirds of them took effect in a peculiar manner. It seems that a woman's shoe, no matter how thrown, always travels with the toe forward. The shoes which took effect did so by sticking their toes into the back of the new style cork-back coat. As each shoe weighed in the neighborhood of 2 pounds, the weight was too much for the thief to bear and he was brought to earth. In the meantime patrolman Mitchell had been called and rounded the corner of University avenue and Ninth street just as the son of democracy went down.

The man, cork-back coat, shoes and all were immediately taken to the police station.

Burns was tried this morning on the charge of grand larceny and fined \$40 and costs. But this disturbed his insane mind not one whit. Gently and reverently removing the cork-back coat containing the 99 and two-thirds shoes of various and sundry delicate odors, he sold them to Percy Klass, who was standing near, for \$47.50. He paid his fine and was allowed to go free until June 14, when he will be examined as to his sanity.

The shoes are now in an air-tight receptacle, and may be seen at Miller's shoe store.

\$100 Reward Offered: The undersigned will pay \$100 reward to the first person reporting anything humorous or original in the Missouri Outlook. Crowd please keep inside the lines. Don't crush those in front, please.

(Signed) English Proff.

Attention Professors: Members of the faculty of the University of Missouri who own Fords and bicycles, are hereby notified to keep to alleys and by streets, so that students may have undisputed use of main thoroughfares, for their automobiles and electric.

(Signed) Mayor of Columbia.

Extract from a telegram from the Kaiser:
"Machen Sie 700 Photographen für mich. Ihre Arbeit ist wunderbar."
Kaiser Wilhelm

All Crowned Heads of Europe Have Their Pictures MADE BY WILCOX

This studio does court work for rulers governing eight hundred million people. We have been awarded the Grand Prix and the Iron Cross for valor in making pictures. Make an appointment any time.

Call 708-Red

Wilcox

North Side of Broadway

Royal Work at Plebian Prices

Yellow Back Novels

---are not in style now.

The latest books

The Turmoil by Tarkington.

Contrary Mary by Bailey.

Honorable Percival by Rice.

Polly Anna Grown Up by Porter.

Sunshine Jane by Wereur.

Penrod by Tarkington.

The Heart of The Blue Ridge by Bailey.

For the Graduate

Campbell & Alexander

The Students' Store

The Co-Op

Where students buy their books
Where students sell their books
Where students spend their money
Where students get the profit

(We paid 10 per cent cash last year)

The Co-Op has a trade
that co-operation made.

Co-Op



BIG!—YES. JIMMIE'S!—YES.
It's the lollipop—a big Jimmie treat covered with whipped cream or marshmallow, just as you like it. Dig into the center of this royal Jimmie drink with your spoon, right through the fluffy cream on top and taste the

delicious chocolate flavor of the coldest summer drink in town. It's a drink—but you can't use a straw, nor drink it in a hurry. You'll never know how good is "the drink you eat" until you try one. At any Jimmie store.

10¢